

Rodgers & Hammerstein's

CINDERELLA

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Adaptation by

Tom Briggs

Il musical, dal testo alla scena.

Cinderella è un musical nato per la televisione, con musiche di Richard Rodgers e testi e libretto di Oscar Hammerstein II. È basato sulla versione di Charles Perrault della celebre favola *Cenerentola* o *La Scarpetta di Vetro*. Venne trasmesso in diretta negli Stati Uniti dalla CBS il 31 marzo 1957, con Julie Andrews come protagonista, la regia di Ralph Nelson e le coreografie di Jonathan Lucas, ed ebbe ascolti da record: la trasmissione fu seguita da più di 107 milioni di persone, quasi il 60% della popolazione americana dell'epoca. In seguito vennero realizzate altre due versioni per la tv, nel 1965 e nel 1997. In quest'ultima figurano Whitney Houston come fata madrina e Whoopi Goldberg nei panni della regina. Dal 1961 *Cinderella* iniziò ad essere messo in scena come musical per il teatro. Tra le versioni più recenti ricordiamo le produzioni della New York City Opera e la versione diretta da Bobby Garcia che ebbe una tournée in Asia di 30 settimane. Una versione del musical prodotta a Broadway dovrebbe debuttare nella stagione 2012-13.

La trama

Chi non conosce la favola che più di ogni altra ci esorta a credere che i sogni possano avverarsi? *Cenerentola* compare in circa 300 varianti in svariate tradizioni popolari, alcune antichissime come *La Fortunata Storia dell'Etera Rodopi* ambientata nell'Egitto dei faraoni e la storia di Ye Xian, ambientata in Cina. Esistono versioni russe, persiane e inglesi della fiaba; in Italia ricordiamo la versione codificata da Giambattista Basile nel 1634, che fu tra le fonti di Perrault. Il musical rispetta il plot della favola, ma attualizza l'immaginario e approfondisce i caratteri dei personaggi: Cenerentola, dalla morte del padre, vive come una serva in casa propria, vessata dalla matrigna e dalle vanitose sorellastre. Un bel giorno viene annunciato un ballo in onore del principe, cui tutte le fanciulle in età da marito sono invitate. Le sorellastre corrono a fare shopping per munirsi di tutti i lussi, mentre Cenerentola rimane a casa nel suo cantuccio a sognare una sorte più felice... Sarà la fata madrina che, cantandoci come anche l'impossibile sia possibile, spedisce Cenerentola al ballo, dopo averla dotata di carrozza, abito e scarpette di cristallo. E proprio la celebre scarpetta permette al principe, da subito innamorato di lei, di ritrovare l'amata e, superando gli ostacoli architettati dalla matrigna, di chiederla in sposa nel tradizionale *happy end*.

Note di regia

Il musical racconta una delle fiabe più famose, *Cinderella*, mantenendo tutta la magia e l'atmosfera dell'opera originale grazie a una scenografia che rappresenta in stile fiabesco il paese, la casa della famiglia adottiva, il salone da ballo, etc. Come in tutte le favole non può mancare l'elemento magico, che troviamo nei momenti principali dell'opera grazie a particolari accorgimenti scenici e a suggestivi giochi di luce. Anche i personaggi hanno una caratterizzazione marcata: i costumi, nella loro eleganza, sobrietà, opulenza o comica eccentricità, ben rappresentano il ruolo di ciascuno di essi e creano un vortice di colori durante le numerose coreografie e i numeri di danza eseguiti dai giovani performer diretti dalla regista **Vikki Holland-Bowyer** (*West Side Story in concert*). Lo stile di recitazione, caratterizzato da fisicità e gestualità espressive che amplificano il significato dei dialoghi, definisce con chiarezza i punti nodali dell'azione. Le coinvolgenti musiche di Rodgers e gli effetti sonori, sempre importanti per sottolineare i momenti salienti della trama, trascinano il pubblico in una girandola di emozioni dall'inizio alla fine dello spettacolo.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

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CHARACTERS *(in order of appearance)*

NARRATOR
MOTHER
DAUGHTER
JOY
PORTIA
HERALD
FRUIT VENDOR
STEPMOTHER
CINDERELLA
QUEEN
KING
CHEF
LADY SERVANT
PRINCE
GODMOTHER

Narrator. Once upon a time in a land far far away lived a beautiful girl called Cinderella. Her real mother had sadly died and a year later her father remarried to give Cinderella a new mother. Her stepmother had two daughters of her own and it soon became obvious that she favoured them over Cinderella. Then, her father died. She became very lonely and was used as a slave spending all of her time cleaning, washing then sleeping by the fire. Her stepsisters were also jealous of her beauty and were extremely unkind to her. One day an important announcement was made to the townspeople by the Royal Family.

SCENE 1

*The public square. Mother and Daughter, two ugly sisters, the Fruit Vendor.
Enters the Herald. He unravels and holds out a scroll.*

Herald. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL

Herald. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS CHRISTOPHER RUPERT
WINDERMARE VLADIMERE KARL ALEXANDER
FRANCOIS REGINALD LANCELOT HERMAN

Mother. HERMAN?

Herald. HERMAN! GREGORY JAMES
IS GIVING A BALL

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Mother and Daughter cross downstage.

Mother. MY DAUGHTER'S LOOKING DREAMY- EYED

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Daughter (*dreamy eyed*).
THEY SAY HE WANTS TO FIND A BRIDE

Fruit Vendor. HE MAY FIND ONE AT THE BALL

Daughter. IF ONLY HE'D PROPOSE TO ME

Joy. I PRAY THAT HE'LL PROPOSE TO ME

Portia. WHY SHOULDN'T HE PROPOSE TO ME?

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Herald. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS CHRISTOPHER RUPERT
SON OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN CONSTANTINA
CHARLOTTE ERMINTRUDE GWEINYVERE MAISIE

Fruit Vendor. MAISIE?

Herald. MAISIE! MARGUERITE ANNE
IS GIVING A BALL!

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

The ugly sisters cross downstage as they sing.

Mother. I WISH I WERE NICE AND NEAT

Joy. I WISH I WERE DEMURE AND SWEET

Portia. I WISH I WERE A BOLDER GIRL

Mother. I WISH I WERE A YOUNGER GIRL

Daughter. I WISH I WERE AN OLDER GIRL!

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Herald. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS CHRISTOPHER RUPERT
SON OF HIS MAJESTY KING MAXIMILLIAN
GODFREY LADISLAUS LEOPOLD SIDNEY

Fruit Vendor. SIDNEY?

Herald. SIDNEY! FREDERICK JOHN
IS GIVING A BALL

Townspeople. THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

Blackout.

SCENE 2

*The stepfamily's home. The Stepmother, Joy and Portia enter.
There is no happy light in Joy and suggestion of intelligence in Portia.
Centre stage is a dining table and four chairs.*

Stepmother (*calling*). Cinderella, come along!

Enter Cinderella almost hidden behind the pile of packages.

Stepmother. Cinderella, close the door.

Cinderella sets the packages down on the floor and closes the door.

Portia (*approaching the table*). Cinderella, my chair.

Stepmother. Cinderella, my chair.

Cinderella pulls out the chair and the Stepmother sits.

Joy. And my chair Cinderella!

Cinderella pulls out the stage right chair and Joy sits.

Portia. Cinderella, it's freezing!

Stepmother. Poke the fire, Cinderella.

Cinderella goes to the fireplace, takes an iron and pokes the fire.

Stepmother. Now, my daughters, I want to talk to you. (*Cinderella moves to sit in the downstage chair at the table.*) Not you! I want to talk to my own daughters.

Cinderella goes meekly to her corner by the fireplace and sits in her little chair.

Joy. That girl always wants to sit down.

Portia. No wonder she never gets anything done.

Stepmother. Now, Joy...

Joy. Yes, Ma'am?

Stepmother. And Portia...

Portia. Yes, Ma'am?

Stepmother. As you well know, my little darlings, this ball that the Prince is giving is for one purpose only.

Portia/Joy (*together*). To choose a bride.

Stepmother. Exactly. And every girl in the kingdom wants to marry the Prince. Including you two.

Portia/Joy (*together*). Yes Ma'am.

Stepmother. On our shopping trip today I bought you the most beautiful clothes with all the frills and lace my purse could afford. So whether or not you marry the Prince, you'll both have to marry somebody this year.

Portia/Joy (*snapping into frightened obedience*). Yes, Ma'am.

Stepmother (*her voice softening again*). Now there's one thing you must remember. When you want to marry a man, you can't rely on your beauty alone.

Portia/Joy (*together*). No, Ma'am.

Stepmother. That does not mean, however, that I want you to neglect your appearance. Our family has always been noted for its beautiful women. So now let's all go and get our beauty sleep. I'm exhausted from all that shopping.

Portia (*following her*). I'm all tired out, too, going from store to store the way we did.

Joy (*following her*). Are you tired?

Portia (*turning back to her, ready for a fight*). Yes, I'm tired!

Joy. I suppose you think you're the only one that's tired!

Portia. Well, who bought the most?

Joy. That has nothing to do with it!

Portia. That has everything to do with it!

Stepmother. That's enough now, stop it! Go to bed. Both of you!

Portia/Joy. Yes Ma'am.

They exit. The Stepmother turns to Cinderella.

Stepmother. Well? Don't just sit there staring at me! Make yourself useful.

Cinderella (*standing up and taking the broom from the hearth*). Yes, Stepmother.

The Stepmother exits.

Cinderella. How can they be so tired, looking at all those beautiful things and buying so many of them! I would be too excited to be tired.

Song "In my own little corner".

Cinderella. Oh, I love this room- when they've all gone out and there's nobody here but me.

I'M AS MILD AND AS MEEK AS A MOUSE
WHEN I HEAR A COMMAND I OBEY
BUT I KNOW OF A SPOT IN MY HOUSE
WHERE NO ONE CAN STAND IN MY WAY

IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER ON MY OWN LITTLE CHAIR
I CAN BE WHATEVER I WANT TO BE
ON THE WING OF MY FANCY I CAN FLY ANYWHERE
AND THE WORLD WILL OPEN ITS ARMS TO ME

I'M A YOUNG NORWEGIAN PRINCESS OR A MILKMAID
I'M THE GREATEST PRIMA DONNA IN MILAN
I'M AN HEIRESS WHO HAS ALWAYS HAD HER SILK MADE
BY HER OWN FLOCK OF SILKWORMS IN JAPAN

I'M A GIRL MEN GO MAD FOR LOVE'S A GAME I CAN PLAY
WITH A COOL AND CONFIDANT KIND OF AIR
JUST AS LONG AS I STAY IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER
ALL ALONE ON MY OWN LITTLE CHAIR

I CAN BE WHATEVER I WANT TO BE
I'M A SLAVE IN CALCUTTA I'M QUEEN IN PERU
I'M A MERMAID DANCING UPON THE SEA

I'M A HUNTRESS ON AN AFRICAN SAFARI
IT'S A DANGEROUS TYPE OF SPORT AND YET IT'S FUN!
IN THE NIGHT I GO OUT TO LOOK FOR MY PREY
AND I FIND I FORGOT TO BRING MY GUN!

I AM LOST IN THE JUNGLE ALL ALONE AND UNARMED
WHEN I MEET A LIONESS IN HER LAIR!

She goes back to the chair.

THEN I'M GLAD TO BE BACK IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER
ALL ALONE ON MY OWN LITTLE CHAIR

SCENE 3

The royal parlour. The King and the Queen are seated on their thrones.

Queen. A fine father you are!

King. What do you mean, “A fine father you are”?

Queen. I mean you never worry about him.

King. Why should I worry about him?

Queen. Because he isn’t happy.

King. How do you know?

Queen. He does not seem to have any interest in anything or in anyone.

King. Oh, I’m sure he is happy.

Queen. If he’s happy, why does he not get married?

King. If he’s happy, why should he get married?

Queen. Look at your trousers!

King. How could I have gained so much weight in five years?

Queen. Because all you’ve been doing for five years is eating, sleeping and lazing about! The royal tailor will have to make you another suit.

King. Why?

Queen. Because, my dear, we are organising a ball...

King. What?

Queen. ...all the girls in the kingdom will attend it. It is high time for our son to choose a wife.

King. How much money will that cost?

There’s a knock at the door.

Queen. Enter!

Enters the Chef carrying a scroll.

Queen. Ah, Chef! Have you planned the menu for the ball?

Song “Your majesties”.

Chef *(bowing)*. YOUR MAJESTIES

Queen/King *(nodding)*. YOUR MAJESTIES

Chef. A LIST OF THE BARE NECESSITIES

King. A LIST OF THE BARE NECESSITIES FOR WHAT?

Queen. FOR SEVENTEEN HUNDRED GUESTS!

King. THAT SEEMS A LOT

King. Is there any king crab?

Chef. No, Your Majesty.

King. Good, I hate to see that written on a menu, “king crab.” Seems like a comment on my disposition.

Queen *(taking the scroll from the Chef and reading)*.
A THOUSAND BABY LOBSTERS FOR THE SALAD

King. Wow!

Queen. AND FIVE HUNDRED PHEASANTS FOR THE PIE

King. Aye yaye!

Queen. A THOUSAND POUNDS OF CAVIAR

King. A thousand?

Queen. Hush.

She hands the scroll back to the Chef.

King. IT'S MORE THAN THE STURGEON CAN SUPPLY

Chef. I TOLD THE STEWARD TO GET US
FORTY ACRES OF LETTUCE
AND SIX HUNDRED SUCKLING PIGS FOR ROASTING

King. WHAT ABOUT THE MARSHMALLOWS?

Queen. WHO WANTS MARSHMALLOWS?

King. I DO

Queen. WHY?

King. FOR TOASTING!

Enter Lady Servant wheeling on a trolley with food on.

Chef. SURELY YOU'LL NEED A SIDE OF HAM
AND LOTS OF BEEF FILETS

Lady Servant. SOME MARMALIZED STEAKS A RACK OF LAMB
AND VEAL YOU RAISE TO BRAISE!

Chef. LIMBURGER CHEESE AND GOURMANDISE
GOUDA GRUYERE AND BLEU

Queen. CHUNKS OF SWISS IN BARRELS PLEASE

King. MAKE SURE IT'S HOLE-Y TOO!

Lady Servant. PUDDING AND PIES AND RUM SOUFFLE'
SUCCULENT CHOCOLATE ROUNDS

King. CREAM PUFFS WE CAN EAT ALL DAY!

Queen *(patting the King's belly).*
TO GAIN SOME ROYAL POUNDS

Enters the Prince.

Prince. Hello, father.

King. Oh, hello, my boy. *(Crossing to him.)* Christopher, how are you feeling?

Prince. Fine, father.

King. You are happy, aren't you?

Prince. Yes I am. Why, father?

King. Ah - ah! Just what I thought.

Prince. It seems to me, sir, that you look a little tired.

King. I am tired, when I think of that silly ball.

Prince. Oh, that. Well, to tell you the truth, sir, it isn't a night I am looking forward to. Dancing with all those... candidates.

King. Candidates?

Prince. Every single girl in the Kingdom, each one determined to show that she would be the perfect princess for me.

King. Yes, I know how you feel, my boy. But your mother has got her heart set on this ball going perfectly and to plan.

Prince. I know.

King. So it's best not to let her know how we feel. It would break her heart.

The Queen enters the room.

Queen. Oh – hello, my dear.

Prince. Mother. I was just saying how much I am looking forward to the ball. I am sure it will be wonderful.

Queen *(smiling)*. Will it?

Prince. Yes. I was wondering if I could help with any of the preparation.

Queen. Well, yes, dear. Maybe you can.

Prince. Well... let me know.... and I'll see you later.

He exits. The Queen blows her nose.

King. Are you getting a cold? *(The Queen shakes her head.)* It would be better to take something for it. Don't want to have a red nose at the ball.

Queen. ...It will be gone by then.

SCENE 4

The stepfamily's home. Cinderella enters sweeping the floor.

Sits at the table admiring the accessories... daydreaming.

The stepfamily's hat, Joy's gloves, and Portia's wrist corsage are on the table.

Enter the ugly sisters.

Stepmother *(off stage)*. Cinderella, my hat!

Joy. My gloves, Cinderella!

Portia. Cinderella, my flowers!

Cinderella. Oh, you look so beautiful!

Portia. Yes, we do and we want to have a lot of fun! Now start your jobs... we are going out. Mother is waiting.

Cinderella. Why can't I come? I'd love to go to a ball.

Portia and Joy laugh hysterically pointing at Cinderella.

Joy *(laughing)*. Have you seen yourself? Who would want to marry you?

Portia. And you have to clean the house... have fun!

Stepmother *(off stage)*. Let's go girls, we don't want to be late at the castle, the dances are waiting for us!

Portia and Joy exit.

Cinderella. Have a good time! Oh, I wish... I wish.

The Godmother suddenly appears.

Song "Fol-de-rol".

Godmother. FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEDY DEE
FIDDLEDY FADDLEDY FODDLE
ALL THE WISHES IN THE WORLD
ARE POPPYCOCK AND TWADDLE!

Cinderella rushes to her.

Cinderella. Godmother! I'm so glad to see you! I didn't hear you come in.

Godmother. I JUST KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU
ON THAT SAME LITTLE CHAIR
IN THE PALE PINK MIST OF A FOOLISH DREAM

Cinderella. Foolish? What's wrong with dreaming?

Godmother. FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEDY DEE
FIDDLEDY FADDLEDY FOODLE
ALL THE DREAMERS IN THE WORLD
ARE DIZZY IN THE NOODLE

Cinderella. But isn't every girl dreaming and wishing she were at the ball tonight?

Godmother. Why aren't you there?

Cinderella. My Stepmother... Well, somebody has to look after the house.

Godmother. Do you know what I would do if I were you? I would leave this house and go away. If you want to be a servant, you can go to some other place and be paid.

Cinderella. You mean leave my stepfamily? I don't think if my father were alive, he would like that... and then things may suddenly change...

Godmother (*doubtful*). Yes... maybe... sometimes...

Cinderella. Why don't you believe in wishes and dreams? Why don't you believe that once in a while something marvellous and magic can happen?

Godmother. Well I don't say that I don't believe that once in a while something marvellous and magical can happen. The only thing is, it is dangerous to believe too much.

Cinderella. Why?

Godmother. Because you get in the habit of sitting back thinking that things come along. To let things happen you've got to help yourself, you know.

Cinderella. I know... I always end up just wishing and dreaming... I don't suppose that does any good at all.

Godmother. Well I don't say that it doesn't do any good at all. As a matter of fact, everything has to start with a wish.

Cinderella. Do you know what I was wishing tonight?

Godmother (*grimly*). I'm almost afraid to hear.

Cinderella (*pointing out of the window*). I was wishing that that pumpkin out in the yard would turn into a great big golden carriage and take me to the ball, but... It's impossible I suppose.

Godmother. Impossible.

Cinderella. If only I had a guardian angel, or if you, Godmother, were a fairy Godmother.

Godmother. Ha, ha! Good joke! Ho, ho! Very funny!

Cinderella (*resolutely*). Just the same, I am wishing— in the name of every young girl who ever wanted to go to a dance and was told she couldn't, I am wishing that by some magic or “fol-de-rol and fiddle dy dee” that I could go to the ball tonight.

Song “Impossible”.
The Godmother rises from her chair.

Godmother. IMPOSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN YELLOW PUMPKIN TO BECOME A
GOLDEN CARRIAGE!
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND A PRINCE
TO JOIN IN MARRIAGE
AND FOUR WHITE MICE WILL NEVER BE FOUR
WHITE HORSES
SUCH FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEDY DEE OF
COURSE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT THE WORLD IS FULL OF CRAZIES AND FOOLS
WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES
AND WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY
AND BECAUSE THESE DAFT AND DEWY-EYED DOPES
KEEP BUILDING UP IMPOSSIBLE HOPES
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!
IMPOSSIBLE!

Cinderella. IMPOSSIBLE?

Godmother. IMPOSSIBLE!

Cinderella (*gloomily*). IMPOSSIBLE?

Godmother. IMPOSSIBLE!

Cinderella. IMPOSSIBLE?

Both. IMPOSSIBLE!

Cinderella (*hopefully*). Is that true, Godmother? That impossible things are happening every day?

Godmother (*grudgingly*). Well, yes– in a way. But...

Cinderella. BUT THE WORLD IS FULL OF CRAZIES AND FOOLS
WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES
AND WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY

Both. AND BECAUSE THESE DAFT AND DEWY-EYED DOPES
KEEP BUILDING UP IMPOSSIBLE HOPES
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!

*A beautiful carriage appears. A footman enters
with a gorgeous full-length cape which he drapes around Cinderella.
He places a tiara on her head and glass slippers on her feet. Then, he exits.*

Cinderella (*turning to the Godmother*). Godmother! But... I don't understand.

Godmother. And you don't have to. Come on! If you don't hurry, the ball will be over before you get there.

Song "It's possible".

Cinderella. IT'S POSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN YELLOW PUMPKIN TO BECOME A
GOLDEN CARRIAGE
IT'S POSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND A PRINCE
TO JOIN IN MARRIAGE

Godmother. AND FOUR WHITE MICE ARE EASILY TURNED TO
HORSES!

Cinderella. SUCH FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEY DEE OF
COURSE IS QUITE POSSIBLE!

Both. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Cinderella. FOR THE WORLD IS FULL OF CRAZIES AND FOOLS

Godmother. WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES

Cinderella. AND DON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY

Both. AND BECAUSE THESE DAFT AND DEWY-EYED DOPES
KEEP BUILDING UP IMPOSSIBLE HOPES
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!

Cinderella. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Godmother. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Cinderella. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Godmother. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Cinderella. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Godmother. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Both. IT'S POSSIBLE!

Godmother. Well, have a lovely night.

Cinderella. Aren't you coming with me?

Godmother. Heavens, no. All I can do is give you your wish. How it turns out from here is up to you.

Cinderella. But I'm afraid to go all by myself.

Godmother. Do not be afraid. Just remember one important thing. Do not stay after twelve o'clock. Make sure that you are in the coach and have set off for home before the clock strikes twelve.

Cinderella. Why is it so important that I leave before twelve?

Godmother. No more questions. Are you ready?

Cinderella. Yes, I'm ready.

The carriage fades into a smoke blackout.

IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!

Narrator (*voice over*). So, as Cinderella makes her way to the ball all the guests are enjoying the splendor and excitement of wanting to dance with the Prince. The King and Queen overlook the festivities in great anticipation, eagerly waiting to see who their son chooses to be his future wife.

SCENE 5

The palace ballroom. The King and Queen sit on their thrones watching as the guests dance. The Queen is enthused but the King is clearly bored. Downstage centre, the Prince is trying to make the best of things while dancing with Joy. The Stepmother watches Joy and the Prince intently.

Queen (*beaming*). Exhilarating, isn't it?

King. I'm afraid our son is having a worse time than I am. How long do you think we have to stay here?

Queen. You will stay here until the end, but me, I think I will go. (*She sneezes.*) I am not a beautiful sight for our guests to see.

King. But haven't you taken an aspirin and a tonic?

Queen. Yes, I have... but I think I have a fever. Keep an eye on our son and take care of the guests.

The Queen is about to leave.

King. But, what? Are you leaving me here all alone?

Queen. Alone? Look how many people there are! Don't eat too much ice-cream and please, be sure that our son dances with all the girls here and finally makes a choice.

She sneezes again and exits.

Portia. I've lost track of the Prince.

Stepmother. He's dancing with Joy.

Portia (*dreamily*). Is he? (*Stepmother points.*) Oh— that Joy. I want to dance with him!

Joy. Your Highness, may I say “something personal”?

Prince. Yes?

Joy. I think... I think...

Prince. You think...?

Joy. Very nice weather for this time of year.

Prince (*ironic*). You are very brave saying “such personal things”.

Joy. But my mother told me to say “something personal” to you.

Prince. Perhaps you should return to your mother and ask her to explain to you what “personal things” are.

Joy reluctantly returns to the Stepmother as Portia rushes over to the Prince.

Portia (*dancing with the Prince*). I'm going to be a lawyer! Just like my namesake in Shakespeare's “The Merchant of Venice”. Her name was Portia, too!

Prince. Really?

Portia. Yes! Someday I'll stand up in the courtroom and say something about important topics, like “the quality of mercy is not strained”, do you know what I mean?

Prince. Yes... I'm afraid I do.

*The dance concludes, with Portia curtsying to the Prince.
Portia returns to the Stepmother as the Prince walks away.
Cinderella suddenly appears at the top of the staircase.
The Prince turns to her, he extends his hand and she takes it.
He guides her onto the floor.*

Stepmother (*from the other side of the stage*). I wonder who she is.

Joy. I have never seen that girl before.

King. Really surprising! I never knew that in my kingdom there was such a beautiful young woman.

Portia. Well, whoever she is, it's clear he likes her the best.

Prince. Why have I never met you before?

Cinderella. Well... I don't get out much.

Prince. I have a strange feeling that something has just happened to me and I don't know what it is.

Cinderella. That's exactly the way I feel.

Prince. Do you have any idea what it might be?

Cinderella. No.

Prince. Well, let's think back over our meeting together.

Cinderella. It only happened a few minutes ago.

Prince. TEN MINUTES AGO I SAW YOU
I LOOKED UP WHEN YOU CAME THROUGH THE DOOR
ME HEAD STARTED REELING
YOU GAVE ME THE FEELING
THE ROOM HAD NO CEILING OR FLOOR

TEN MINUTES AGO I MET YOU
AND WE MURMURED OUR HOW-DO-YOU-DO'S
I WANTED TO RING OUT
THE BELLS AND FLING OUT
MY ARMS AND TO SING OUT THE NEWS

I HAVE FOUND HER!
SHE'S AN ANGEL
WITH THE DUST OF THE STARS IN HER EYES
WE ARE DANCING
WE ARE FLYING
AND SHE'S TAKING ME BACK TO THE SKIES!

IN THE ARMS OF MY LOVE I'M FLYING
OVER MOUNTAIN AND MEADOW AND GLEN
AND I LIKE IT SO WELL
THAT FOR ALL I CAN TELL
I MAY NEVER COME DOWN AGAIN!
I MAY NEVER COME DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN!

*Cinderella turns away, not knowing how to respond to the Prince.
Joy and Portia now come onto the floor and join in the dance.*

Prince. I have told you how I feel, but you haven't described your feelings.

Cinderella. Well, they are very much the same as yours.

Cinderella. TEN MINUTES AGO I MET YOU
AND WE MURMURED OUR HOW-DO-YOU-DO'S
I WANTED TO RING OUT
THE BELLS AND FLING OUT
MY ARMS AND TO SING OUT THE NEWS
I HAVE FOUND HIM!
I HAVE FOUND HIM!

All. IN THE ARMS OF MY LOVE I'M FLYING
OVER MOUNTAIN AND MEADOW AND GLEN
AND I LIKE IT SO WELL
THAT FOR ALL I CAN TELL
I MAY NEVER COME DOWN AGAIN!
I MAY NEVER COME DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN!

Chef (*voice over*). Your Majesties, ladies and gentlemen– dinner is served.

*The stepsisters continue looking with great indignation.
Song "Stepsisters' lament".*

Joy. WHY WOULD A BOY WANT A GIRL LIKE HER
A FRAIL AND FLUFFY BEAUTY?
WHY CAN'T A BOY EVER ONCE PREFER
A SOLID GIRL LIKE ME?

Portia. SHE'S A FROTHY LITTLE BUBBLE
WITH A FLIMSY KIND OF CHARM
AND WITH VERY LITTLE TROUBLE
I COULD BREAK HER LITTLE ARM!

Joy. OH OH WHY WOULD A BOY WANT A GIRL LIKE HER
SO OBVIOUSLY UNUSUAL?
WHY CAN'T A BOY EVER ONCE PREFER
A USUAL GIRL LIKE ME?

Portia. HER CHEEKS ARE A PRETTY SHADE OF PINK
BUT NOT ANY PINKER THAN A ROSE IS

Joy. HER SKIN MAY BE DELICATE AND SOFT
BUT NOT ANY SOFTER THAN A DOE'S IS

Portia. HER NECK IS NO WHITER THAN A SWAN'S

Joy. SHE'S ONLY AS DAINTY AS A DAISY

Portia. SHE'S ONLY AS GRACEFUL AS A BIRD

Joy/Portia. SO WHY IS THE BOY GOING CRAZY?
OH WHY WOULD A BOY WANT A GIRL LIKE HER
A GIRL WHO'S SIMPLY LOVELY?
WHY CAN'T A BOY EVER ONCE PREFER
A GIRL WHO'S SIMPLY ME?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MAN?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MAN?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MAN?

They exit.

SCENE 6

The palace garden.

Prince. The ballroom is too crowded.

Cinderella. It is nicer out here.

Prince. Yes, it is.

Cinderella. I really must be going.

Prince. But why?

Cinderella. Because I promised my Godmother.

Prince. Your Godmother will forgive you if you're a little late.

Music fades out.

Cinderella. Oh, no, she won't. I have a strange kind of Godmother.

Prince. You are a strange kind of girl. You have not told me your name yet.

Cinderella. It's a silly name. You would not like it.

Prince. Of course I would. Whatever you are called it is the most beautiful name in the world.

The clock tolls midnight.

Cinderella. Midnight...? No...!

She runs off.

Prince (*calling after her*). Please... Wait...!

He runs after her. The King comes hurrying.

King. Christopher? Are you out there?... Christopher?

The Prince enters, carrying a slipper.

King. What happened, son?

Prince. I don't know. We were talking and suddenly she ran away. (*Indicating the slipper.*) She has left this glass slipper. It was on the steps. I know it belongs to her. Father, we have to find her.

King. We will, son, we will.

Prince (*a sudden thought*). Father, I have to search every house in the kingdom, every lady in the land. Do you give me permission to go on this quest?

King. Of course.

Prince (*holding the slipper*). Then that is final, I will personally take this slipper and try it on every girl's foot- every last one. I will keep trying until I find the foot that fits this slipper.

King. That is a hard task... but I wish you well.

Prince. Thank you father, I will go and call the Herald immediately. I must find that girl!

Blackout.

SCENE 7

The stepfamily's home. It is the morning after the ball. The Stepmother, Joy and Portia wearing their dressing gowns are having breakfast. Cinderella is serving them.

Stepmother. What a night! What a magnificent ball.

Cinderella (*as if she knows nothing about the ball*). Were there many people there?

Stepmother. Yes, there were many people.

Cinderella. They must have a very large ballroom at the palace.

Joy. Yes, very large.

Portia. And what beautiful music for dancing to!

Cinderella. Did any of you get to dance with the Prince?

Portia. I danced about an hour with him.

Joy. An hour?

Portia. Didn't you?

Joy. Well, of course- if you did.

Stepmother. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if the Prince were to take one of my girls for his bride.

Cinderella. Did you know everyone there?

Stepmother. Nearly everyone. Except for some girl who arrived late and left early. Probably some princess or something.

Cinderella. Did she dance with the Prince?

Stepmother. She was only there for a few minutes.

Joy. Did you go straight to sleep after we left?

Cinderella. I was dreaming of what it must have been like at the ball.

Stepmother. You could not possibly imagine what it was like.

Cinderella. Maybe I have more imagination than you think.

Song “When you’re driving through the moonlight”.

Cinderella. WHEN YOU’RE DRIVING IN THE MOONLIGHT ON
THE HIGHWAY
WHEN YOU’RE DRIVING IN THE MOONLIGHT TO
THE DANCE
YOU ARE BREATHLESS WITH A WILD ANTICIPATION
OF ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT AND ROMANCE

THEN AT LAST YOU SEE THE TOWER OF THE PALACE
SILHOUETTED IN THE SKY ABOVE THE PARK
AND BELOW THEM IS A ROW OF LIGHTED WINDOWS
LIKE A LOVELY DIAMOND NECKLACE IN THE DARK

Portia (rising). IT LOOKS THAT WAY

Joy. THE WAY YOU SAY

Stepmother. SHE TALKS AS IF SHE KNOWS

Cinderella. I DO NOT KNOW
THESE THINGS ARE SO
I ONLY JUST SUPPOSE

I SUPPOSE THAT WHEN YOU COME INTO A
BALLROOM
AND THE ROOM ITSELF IS FLOATING IN THE AIR
IF YOU’RE SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY HIS
HIGHNESS
YOU ARE FROZEN LIKE A STATUE ON THE STAIR!

YOU’RE AFRAID HE’LL HEAR THE WAY YOUR
HEART IS BEATING
AND YOU KNOW YOU MUSTN’T MAKE THE FIRST
ADVANCE
YOU ARE SERIOUSLY THINKING OF RETREATING
THEN YOU SEEM TO HEAR HIM ASKING YOU TO
DANCE!

Song “A lovely night”.

A LOVELY NIGHT A LOVELY NIGHT
A FINER NIGHT YOU KNOW YOU’LL NEVER SEE
YOU MEET YOUR PRINCE A CHARMING PRINCE
AS CHARMING AS A PRINCE WILL EVER BE!

THE STARS IN A HAZY HEAVEN
TREMBLE ABOVE YOU
WHILE HE IS WHISPERING
“DARLING I LOVE YOU”

YOU SAY GOOD-BYE
AWAY YOU FLY
BUT ON YOUR LIPS YOU KEEP A KISS
ALL YOUR LIFE YOU’LL DREAM OF THIS
LOVELY LOVELY NIGHT

Portia and Joy sing in their turn, caught up in Cinderella’s romance.

Portia. A LOVELY NIGHT

Joy. A LOVELY NIGHT

Stepmother. A FINER NIGHT YOU KNOW YOU’LL NEVER SEE

Portia. YOU MEET YOUR PRINCE

Joy. A CHARMING PRINCE

Stepmother. AS CHARMING AS A PRINCE WILL EVER BE!

Portia. THE STARS IN A HAZY HEAVEN TREMBLE ABOVE YOU
Stepmother. WHILE HE IS WHISPERING “DARLING I LOVE YOU”
All. YOU SAY GOOD-BYE
AWAY YOU FLY
BUT ON YOUR LIPS YOU KEEP A KISS
ALL YOUR LIFE YOU’LL DREAM OF THIS
LOVELY LOVELY NIGHT

Stepmother (*suddenly collecting herself*). This is the worst nonsense I have ever heard!

Joy. But mother...

Stepmother. Enough! Go to your rooms!

Portia/Joy. Yes, Ma’am. (*As they exit.*) It’s all Cinderella’s fault.

Joy. What a stupid girl! To imagine what it was like at the ball!

Portia. And anyway it wasn’t anything like that.

Joy. Nothing like it at all.

They are gone.

Stepmother (*turning to Cinderella*). And you, clean this place up. It looks like a pig lives here!

Cinderella. Yes, Stepmother.

The Stepmother exits.

Cinderella. THE STARS IN A HAZY HEAVEN
TREMBLING ABOVE ME
DANCED WHEN HE PROMISED
ALWAYS TO LOVE ME

THE DAY CAME THROUGH
AWAY I FLEW
BUT ON MY LIPS HE LEFT A KISS
ALL MY LIFE I’LL DREAM OF THIS
LOVELY LOVELY NIGHT

SCENE 8

Looking for Cinderella.

Narrator. Meanwhile the Prince and Herald searched every house in the Kingdom looking for the foot that fitted the glass slipper...

SCENE 9

The stepfamily’s home. Joy in her chair stage right. Portia sits in her chair stage left. The Prince and Herald knock at the door.

Stepmother (*seated at the table in her usual upstage chair*). Cinderella! Cinderella! Get the door! There’s somebody at the door! Cinderella! Where is she, she is such a lazy girl! (*Gets up and opens the door shocked to see the Prince.*) Hello Your Royal Highness, how may I help you?

Prince. I need all the ladies in the house to try this glass slipper on. It was left at the ball last night and whoever it fits I will marry.

The ladies all gasp. Portia rushes to the Prince and grabs the slipper.

Portia. It’s my shoe. I’d know that shoe anywhere (*and struggles to get her foot into the slipper.*) You see? It fits perfectly!

She stands triumphantly and promptly falls on her face.

Joy (*running over and pulling the slipper off Portia’s foot*). Let me try! Let me try! (*After several attempts shouts violently toward the Herald.*) It fitted me perfectly at the ball! You shrank it!

Prince (*re-taking the slipper*). Is there anyone else in the house?

Portia. No, there is nobody else here.

Prince. But I thought I heard you calling someone to answer the door?

Stepmother (*shakes her head looking at the sisters trying to think of an excuse*). That was Portia... I was telling Portia to answer the door... but she wouldn't... she is... so lazy, you see... Your Royal Highness.

Cinderella is heard singing. Everyone is surprised and silent.

Prince. Who is singing? Is there another girl in the house?

Portia (*crossing to the Prince*). She's... just a sort of a servant that stays upstairs in the attic of the house. There would be no use trying the slipper on her.

Stepmother. She didn't even attend the ball!

Prince. I must try the slipper on everyone. (*To the Herald.*) Please find her and bring her here.

The Herald leaves to find her.

Portia (*to her mother*). How many times have I told her to keep the door of her room closed!

Joy (*to her mother*). I have always told you that you had to forbid her to sing... she disturbs everyone!

Stepmother (*to the Prince*). Prince, if you love singing, I would like you to listen to the lovely voice of my daughters... Come on, good girls, sing a song for His Royal Highness.

*Joy and Portia warm up their voices and quarrel about who is singing first.
Enters Cinderella accompanied by the Herald.*

Prince. So, what is your name?

Cinderella (*bowing*). ...It's a silly name... you wouldn't like it... My name's Cinderella.

Prince. No, it's a lovely name. (*Remembering the familiar line from the ball.*) Please try on this glass slipper.

The Herald brings her a chair to sit on. Cinderella nervously tries the shoe on while the ugly sisters and Stepmother stare annoyed and filled with anger.

Cinderella. It fits!

The Prince. It fits!

The ugly sisters/Stepmother. It fits? What?

Portia. Let me see!

Joy. No, let me!

And pushes Portia over.

Stepmother. I don't believe it!

Joy. What are you hiding in your pocket? Let me see!

Cinderella takes the other shoe out of her pocket.

Prince. There you are, I knew I had to insist.

Herald. Your Highness, we have found her at last!

Cinderella puts the other one on, stands up with pride.

Prince (*on one knee*). My Beautiful Princess Cinderella, will you marry me?

Cinderella. I will!

*The Stepmother and ugly sisters all faint and fall to the floor.
Blackout.*

Narrator. And so the Prince found his future wife, Cinderella, and they all lived happily ever after!

Song "It's possible!".
All sing.

IT'S POSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN YELLOW PUMPKIN TO BECOME A GOLDEN
CARRIAGE

IT'S POSSIBLE
FOR A PLAIN COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND A PRINCE TO JOIN IN A MARRIGE
AND FOUR WHITE MICE ARE EASILY TURNED TO HORSES!
SUCH FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEDY DEE OF COURSE IS
QUITE POSSIBLE!

IT'S POSSIBLE!

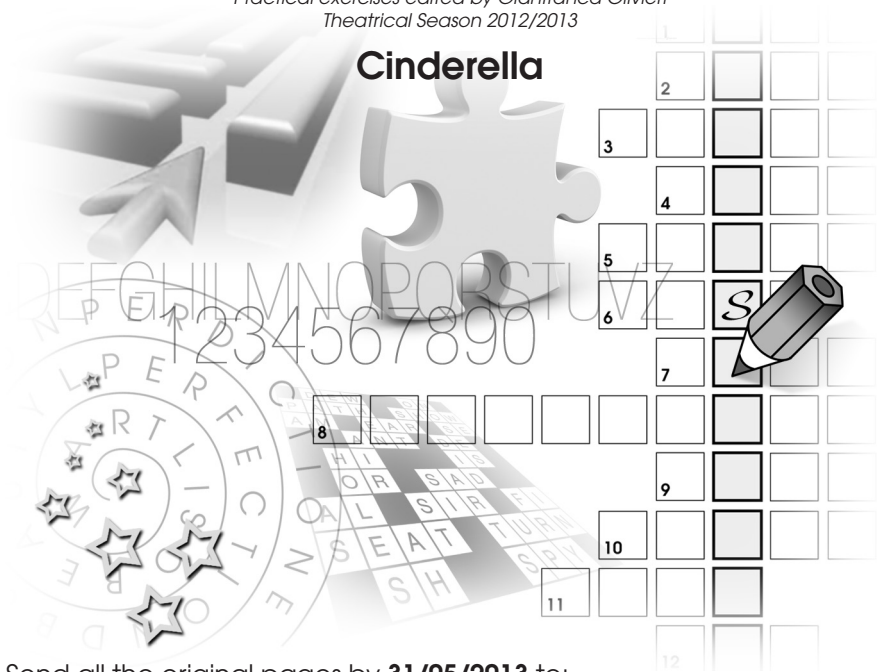
FOR THE WORLD IS FULL OF CRAZIES AND FOOLS
WHO WON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES
AND WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY
AND BECAUSE THESE DAFT AND DEWY-EYED DOPES
KEEP BUILDING UP IMPOSSIBLE HOPES
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!

THE END

ENJOY YOURSELF WITH OUR GAMES!

Practical exercises edited by Gianfranca Olivieri
Theatrical Season 2012/2013

Cinderella



Send all the original pages by **31/05/2013** to:

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FILL IN THE FORM IN BLOCK LETTERS USING A PEN

Surname: Name: F ☐ M ☐

N.: Address:

Postcode: Town: Province:

Telephone: Mobile:

E-mail:

Date of birth:

School:

N.: Address:

Postcode: Town: Province:

Telephone:

English teacher:

Date Signature

Il Palchetto Stage s.a.s. ai sensi e in conformità con l'art. 13, D. Lgs 30 giugno 2003 n. 196, informa che i dati raccolti saranno utilizzati per informarla in merito a nuove iniziative.

1. LETTERS AND NUMBERS

What is the Godmother?

In each of the 10 sentences in box (A), taken from the text, there is a missing word. Find it in box (B) to complete the sentence.

Example: ① Every girl in the kingdom will attend theball..... = **A**

SENTENCES BOX (A)

- ① Every girl in the kingdom will attend theball.....
- 2 Cinderella feels happy in her little by the fireplace.
- 3 Everything has to start with a
- 4 Foolish? What's wrong with ?
- 5 Set off for home before the strikes twelve.
- 6 Impossible things are happening every
- 7 Your Godmother will you if you are a little late.
- 8 I don't want to have a red at the ball.
- 9 To let things happen you've got to help
- 10 The prince wants to find a

BOX (B)

- R** YOURSELF
- I** NOSE
- A** FORGIVE
- F** DAY
- G** CORNER
- A** BALL
- Y** BRIDE
- O** DREAMING
- D** CLOCK
- O** WISH

Now match letters and numbers in box (C) to find the solution.

BOX (C)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A									

Solution:

2. RIDDLE

What can Cinderella be on the wing of her fantasy?

In the clouds below, there are 8 words, quoted from the text, referring to what Cinderella dreams to be, but the vowels are missing. Find them in the box below and write them in the corresponding word.

I.A.I U.E.E. E.I.E. A.E. I.E. U.E. I.A.O.A. E.A.I.

Example: G _ D M _ T H _ R = **O.O.E.**



M _ L K M _ _ D

H _ _ R _ S S

S L _ V _

M _ R M _ _ D

P R _ N C _ S S

P R _ M _ D _ N N _

H _ N T R _ S S

Q _ _ _ N

3. GRID

How can Cinderella be defined?

Here below there is "a list of the bare necessities for seventeen hundred guests", taken from the text. Find the 16 words in the grid (vertically, horizontally, diagonally and backwards). The remaining letters will give you the solution.

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------|---------------|-------------|
| 1. BEEF | 5. PUDDING | 9. LAMB | 13. GRUYERE |
| 2. CHOCOLATE | 6. VEAL | 10. PHEASANTS | 14. LETTUCE |
| 3. HAM | 7. CAVIAR | 11. SOUFFLE | 15. PIES |
| 4. LOBSTERS | 8. GOUDA | 12. CHEESE | 16. STEAKS |

C	A	S	R	O	S	M	P	S	E	S
A	H	N	E	T	T	E	H	R	R	O
P	I	O	E	I	C	V	E	E	E	U
C	U	A	C	U	P	E	A	T	Y	F
R	K	D	T	O	S	A	S	S	U	F
S	A	T	D	E	L	L	A	B	R	L
D	E	I	E	I	R	A	N	O	G	E
L	E	H	V	H	N	A	T	L	M	E
R	C	B	M	A	L	G	S	E	★	★
F	E	E	B	M	C	G	O	U	D	A

Solution:

4. SECRET MESSAGE

What is the secret message from the Godmother?

Rewrite the secret message following the code and you'll read the solution!

Secret Code			
H	♣	L	🐰
P	🐎	N	♠
D	★	O	🐟
E	👉	K	🕷
G	♥	B	🐯
I	👈	U	🐕
M	✉	S	☎

Secret Message!

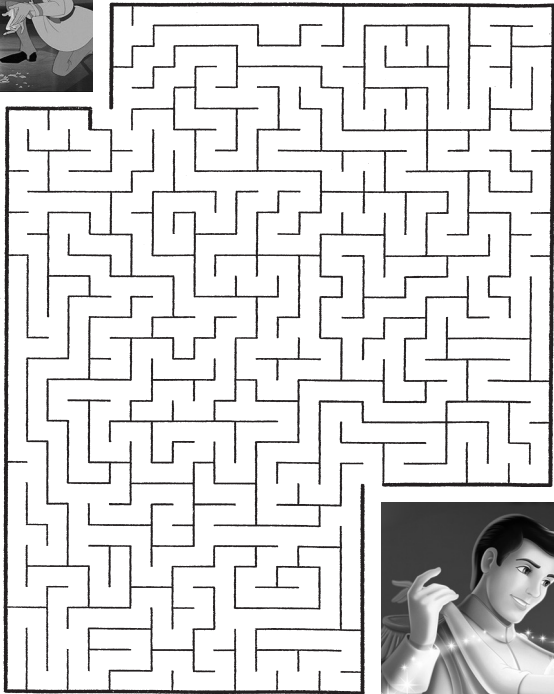
🕷 👉 👈 🐎 🐯 🐕 👈 🐰 ★ 👈 ♠ ♥

🐕 🐎 👈 ✉ 🐎 🐟 ☎ ☎ 👈 🐯 🐰 👈

♣ 🐟 🐎 👈 ☎

5. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

Let's help the prince to find Cinderella!



TEXT ANALYSIS

- **The plot**

1) Where does the story of "Cinderella" take place?

.....

.....

.....

2) Who first says "IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY!" and what "magic" does she do to make it possible for the main character to go to the ball?

.....

.....

.....

3) What do you think happens to the four horses and carriage at twelve o'clock?

.....

.....

.....

4) How would you describe the ending of the story?

.....

.....

.....

- **The characters**

5) What is the name of the main character in the story? Name all the members of her (step) family.

.....

.....

.....

6) Who is "Christopher Rupert"?

.....

.....

.....

7) Can you name the different kinds of food that the chef prepared for the ball?

.....

.....

.....

8) What happens to the main character and "Christopher Rupert" at the end of the story?

.....

.....

.....

- **Literary references**

9) Is "Cinderella" a story based on fact or is it fictional? Do you know who wrote the story?

.....

.....

.....

10) Do you know another three well known "fairy-tales"? Which ones?

.....

.....

.....